

THE

BANNER OF THE COVENANT.

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*For Christ's Crown and Covenant.*  
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CONDUCTED BY THE SECRETARIES OF THE BOARD OF MISSIONS OF THE
 REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

APRIL, 1849.

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To whom remittances are to be made, and communications to be addressed.

WILLIAM E. YOUNG, PRINTER.

ENGRAVING OF THE LATE DR. M'LEOD.

A fine engraving of the late Rev. Dr. Alexander M'Leod is now published. As a likeness, it is admirable; and as a work of art, superior. The price is 75 cents a copy, and may be had by applying to Alexander M'Leod, 79 Marion Street, New York. For one dollar sent, it will be carefully transmitted by mail, and the postage paid, as ordered.

NOTICE.—Those congregations who did not forward their contributions for the Seminary last year, are respectfully notified of the action of Synod calling upon them to forward them immediately. The debt accumulated by this inattention is due to the Treasurer of Synod, who has advanced the money. It is hoped that those concerned will feel, and at once discharge their obligations. (See Minutes of Synod.)

The General Synod having directed that a new edition of the Testimony be published, and that the Book of Discipline be appended to it, Sessions and Presbyteries are requested to forward their orders to the Treasurer of Synod, Mr. Geo. H. Stuart, No. 14 Strawberry St., Philadelphia, as soon as possible. It is proposed to stereotype the work, and it will be necessary to dispose of from 700 to 800 copies in order to defray the first cost of publication. The work will be brought out in a style much superior to the last edition, and its cost will be not over 31½ cents per copy. As soon as the prime cost is guaranteed, it will be put to press. The Book of Discipline will not be published except in connexion with the Testimony.

DOMESTIC MISSIONS

The undersigned gives notice that at the last meeting of Synod, he was appointed Treasurer for *Domestic* as well as *Foreign Missions*. All moneys for either will therefore be remitted to him.

It will be observed by the action of Synod, that all moneys devoted to Domestic Missionary purposes within the bounds of any congregation or Presbytery, are required to be made known to the Board in this city, so that all the funds raised may appear in the Treasurer's Annual Report.

GEO. H. STUART, Treasurer, Philadelphia.

NOTICE.

The Northern Reformed Presbytery will meet in regular semi-annual session, in the Lecture room of Dr. M'Leod's Church, Twelfth Street, New York, on Friday, April 6th, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL JOURNAL.

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Publication Office, No. 146 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Banner of the Covenant.

APRIL, 1849.

Domestic Missions.

ADDRESS

OF THE BOARD OF MISSIONS OF THE REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH TO THE MEMBERS OF THAT CHURCH, AND TO ALL WHO FEEL DISPOSED TO UNITE WITH THEM IN MISSIONARY EXERTIONS.

BELOVED BRETHREN:—At the last meeting of the General Synod, the Board of Missions, which had been formerly restricted to foreign missionary operations, was directed to take the superintendence of domestic missions also. Having now matured our arrangements, we have felt it proper to address you in regard to the whole subject which has thus been intrusted to our care.

When our Saviour declared to his disciples, "The field is the world," he presented to his church the wide scene of her exertions, and plainly intimated that she should confine them by no narrow limits of nation, condition, or complexion, but extend them wherever perishing sinners were to be found, and souls to be saved. In the commission which our ascending LORD gave to his apostles, the same great principle is kept in view, and it should never be overlooked or forgotten by those who preach the gospel, and by those who sustain its ordinances, that the only authority which the ministry possesses for preaching *at home*, is that which also requires it to go abroad into "*all the world*." It is evident therefore, that the church cannot, consistently with duty, neglect either department of effort, and we rejoice that in both, our own denomination is actively engaged. The liberality recently manifested in behalf of the mission at Saharanpur proves her interest in the salvation of the heathen, and it is only necessary that efforts for her own destitute children should be developed and concentrated, to show that she feels no less desire to build up the church at home.

Our foreign missionary operations are now arranged in such a manner that we do not consider any immediate change to be requisite. The salaries of the two brethren who have been for so many years connected with the station, will, it is hoped, be provided for, according to the plan which has been already adopted, while the amount necessary for the support of the missionary who has been last sent out, and the native brethren who are employed as assistants, will be obtained, it is expected, by miscellaneous receipts and special contributions. All we feel it necessary to say, on this subject, is, that we hope none will diminish their contributions to the foreign fund, as this would seriously embarrass her operations, while we also hope that soon there will not be a single member in any part of our church who will not feel it a duty to give such aid as God may enable.

It is therefore to domestic missions we especially invite your attention. On this subject there is reason to believe that our entire church feels a deep interest. The wants of the destitute in our land are so obvious, the openings of usefulness among them so numerous and inviting, the natural sympathies of our hearts so much more readily excited in their behalf, that it is not surprising that there should be a general and earnest desire for more energetic and systematic action on this subject. The church would be following a suicidal course were she to devote her strength wholly or even chiefly to foreign operations, while the field at home was neglected. Even in view of the interests of the gospel abroad, it is a plain duty to build up the church in our own land. Nor should it be forgotten that multitudes of those who have once enjoyed the privileges of the public ordinances, and who may have been even in actual connexion with the church, are scattered abroad throughout this extensive land, in places where, at present, the voice of the living teacher is seldom heard, and the dispensation of the sacraments scarcely ever enjoyed. For these, her own children, scattered as sheep without a shepherd, the church must feel a deep concern. The ardent desire which the great apostle to the Gentiles felt for the salvation of the Jews, should lead us not to be forgetful of our own brethren, our kinsmen according to the flesh, our fellow countrymen in our own land.

Divine Providence presents to us a *vast field* for domestic missionary operations. From the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the farther side of the Mississippi, importunate calls are made for the ordinances. During last year, the great King and Head of Zion has opened to us new and interesting fields of labour, and in a voice not to be misunderstood, he is calling us to lengthen our cords and strengthen our stakes, and stretch forth the curtains of our habitation. Both the native citizens of our own land, and the hundreds of thousands of emigrants from our mother country, invite our efforts. The latter find in our particular forms of worship such a similarity with the cherished practices of their own native land, as leads them to prefer our church to almost every other, while her position in regard to slaveholding, and the conscientious liberty she maintains in regard to the civil government under which we live, must meet with the approbation of the benevolent, intelligent and liberal-minded. The citizens of our own land find in our system the application of religious principles to civil government, and the recognition of the great truth that "the powers that be," in order to obtain the approbation and sanction of the Christian, must give evidence that they "are of God." We believe that the system of order and doctrine which is maintained in our branch of the church is the best adapted of any to the necessities of our age and nation, and we feel confident that it is only necessary that it should be distinctly and properly exhibited in order to be extensively embraced.

In such circumstances, how painful is it that so little is done to promote the diffusion of our principles! How few are the messengers sent forth to announce them, and how inadequately are they sustained. The life of the domestic missionary is necessarily one of much toil and hardship. While crossing the bleak prairie, or traversing the gloomy forest, or fording the rapid river, exposed to wintry storms or drenching showers, or burning suns, finding but coarse and scanty fare, and rude and uncomfortable shelter, he claims our regard and sympathies,

our prayers and our contributions. His condition, necessarily one of much discomfort, should be made as agreeable as possible, and his heart should be cheered by some evidences that he is not forgotten by his brethren. In all cases, there is doubtless much sacrifice of pecuniary advantages and personal convenience in performing the work of a missionary, and all engaged in that work should therefore be adequately and cheerfully sustained by the church on whose behalf they labour. It should be understood by those who are looking forward to the ministry, that they have no reason to fear suffering from *poverty*, in the service of the church, but that, as they seek only a bare subsistence, there is some security that they who minister at the altar shall live by the altar.

While there are some congregations which can afford a sufficient support to those who dispense the ordinances to them, there are others which cannot as yet do so, but which, if properly supplied, would soon be able not only to sustain their own pastors, but to aid others. In order to accomplish this result, the strong must aid the weak. We must unite together, and bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of CHRIST. It is hoped, therefore, that all who love the principles of our church, and desire their diffusion, will sustain her domestic missionary operations. There are some who have thought that too much in proportion was devoted to foreign missions, and who have expressed their desire that more should be done for domestic—the opportunity is now presented, the call is made. Let their liberal contributions prove their interest in this object. There are others who have given their aid generously for foreign missions. Let them do as much for the cause of CHRIST at home. Let it be remembered that “with whatsoever measure we mete, it shall be measured to us again.” Therefore, “beloved brethren, as ye abound in every thing, in faith, and utterance, and knowledge, and in all diligence, see that ye abound in this grace also. We speak not by commandment, but to prove the sincerity of your love. For ye know the grace of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich. Now, therefore, perform the doing, that as there was a readiness to will, so there may be a performance also out of that which ye have. For if there first be a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not. For we mean not that other men be eased and you burdened, but by an equality, that now at this time your abundance may be a supply for their want, that their abundance may be also a supply for your want, that there may be an equality.” “For the administration of this service not only supplieth the wants of the saints, but is abundant also by many thanksgivings unto God, and by their prayers for you.”

On behalf of the Executive Committee of the Board of Missions of the Reformed Presbyterian Church.

Philadelphia, March 20, 1849.

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For the Banner of the Covenant.

A SABBATH DAY IN NOVA SCOTIA.

The following communication from Rev. Henry Gordon, will give our readers some idea of the nature of the missionary labours in which he has been employed during the past winter, and will enable us to appreciate better the services of the respected brother, Rev. A. Clarke, who so long has borne the hardships of so rigorous a climate.

We regret to learn that Mr. Gordon intends to return to the United States, but we hope his place will readily be filled by some person whom such trials will only stimulate, not alarm or deter. We hope that a suitable coadjutor will be soon procured, and that Mr. Clarke will no longer be left alone.

MR. EDITOR:—It may be interesting to your readers to know how the Sabbath is spent by missionaries in this part of the globe. I shall proceed to give some idea on the subject.

Sabbath, 14th of January, was the usual day for preaching in Sackville. To meet this arrangement, I left Amherst, a small village situated a few miles from the Bay of Fundy, and proceeded to Sackville, a distance of ten miles. The roads in general to the above place were very good, except where the snow had drifted; which, in some places, was four and five feet deep. The house we occupy in Sackville is a temperance hall, which, to all appearance, would hold at least three hundred people. At 11 o'clock, the hour for commencement, the house seemed thronged, and throughout the whole services, the people manifested the most marked attention. Some of them had come a distance of fourteen miles. In this station there are only two families in connexion with us, who are very exemplary for piety, and both evince, by their conduct, that they have not been hearers of the gospel in vain. There are also many others who are very favourable, though not actual members.

On the afternoon of the same day, I went to Jollicure, across a vast, dreary marsh, a distance of eight miles, encountering rude Boreas, with heavy sleet showers. At half-past 3 o'clock, I commenced public worship,—the attendance as large as could be expected, considering the state of the weather. In this settlement, though there is a neat house erected, there are not many members. But there are those in it who rejoice to hear the glad tidings of great joy; there are many whose desire is to go up to the sanctuary on the Lord's day, and bow before him there. After divine service, I left again for Amherst, along a bleak, dreary road, passing across the head of the Bay of Fundy, a distance of eleven miles, to the place where I intended stopping. I had not been long upon my journey, till dark clouds thickened over my head, evidently betokening a storm. On an average, the ground was covered with snow two feet in depth, and this being quite soft, from the rain, it was more disagreeable. Not being very well acquainted with the road, I lost my way, and got into a snow-drift. I managed to extricate myself, however, and proceeded the rest of the way with great difficulty, the hail beating in my face, and not a star to guide me. I reached home about ten o'clock at night.

Thus ended my Sabbath day's journey, after preaching twice and travelling nineteen miles. G.

[For the Banner of the Covenant, etc.]

Theological Discussions.

PEACE AND WAR.

[Concluded.]

The New Testament confirms the same doctrine. Rom. xiii. 1: "There is no power but of God, the powers that be, are ordained of God." The powers here specified are moral powers, or such as have lawful authority. This is evident both from the word here used in the

original, and from the character given of these powers, or rulers, in this passage. There are two words, of different meanings, in the Greek language, both of which we translate *power*, *ἐξουσία* and *δύναμις*. The first signifies moral power, or lawful authority, either really possessed, or claimed as such. The second, applies to might, ability, or mere physical force. The latter may belong to the veriest tyrant. The former not. The word here used is the former, and not the latter. Such lawful authority, or moral power, is said to be *of God*, ordained and approved by him. But when such is not the power, God declares it is not of him. Hos. viii. 4: "They have set up kings, but *not by me*; they have princes, but I knew it not." That is, I approved it not. When more power or might is intended, the word *δύναμις* is used, as in Matt. vi. 13, where the omnipotence of Jehovah is declared: "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory." So in 1 Cor. xv. 43, where the vigorous, strong, and healthy qualities of the body, after the resurrection, are contrasted with its feeble, infirm, and crazy condition, in this life, the same word is used, "raised in power." The physical power of Satan, and of venomous creatures to hurt or injure, is expressed by the same word, Luke x. 19: "All the powers of the enemy." But when moral power or authority, that which is enjoyed by delegation, is concerned, the word *ἐξουσία*, and not *δύναμις* is uniformly used. A few examples may suffice. In Matt. xxviii. 18, the "all power" in heaven and in earth, delegated to the Saviour, is expressed by this word. Also the authority to heal sickness as granted to the apostles, Mark iii. 15, is expressed by the same word. In Luke ix. 1, we have both these words, showing their distinct and proper meaning, "power and authority." And in Chap. x. 19, we have an exemplification of the same kind, "power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy."

To this it is objected, that *ἐξουσία* is used for the dominion of the devil, and therefore cannot always signify lawful authority, Acts xxvi. 18; Eph. ii. 2; Col. i. 13; Rev. xiii. 2. But this is no valid objection. Scripture often speaks of things as they are called among men, and according to the usages of the claimants of what really does not belong to them. The idols of the nations are called gods, and yet they are no gods. Christ bids the woman of Samaria to "go and call her husband," the man who bore that name, and yet he was not her husband. Satan claims rightful power over all the kingdoms of the earth, and to be the prince of the power of the air. Luke iv. 6: "And the devil said unto him, All this power (right and authority) will I give unto thee, and the glory of them; for that is delivered unto me, and to whomsoever I will, I give it." Here is a claim, not merely of physical power, but of right and authority. What tyrant or despot admits that he has not a right to exercise the power which he possesses? Charles the First contended that he was king by divine right, that his absolute power was immediately from God. The pope claims a right, from Jesus Christ, to dispose of all the kingdoms of the earth. Slaveholders derive their right to enslave their fellow-men from the Bible. All, from the devil down, plead divine right. And on this ground, he assumes to give, not only *δύναμιν*, physical power, but *ἐξουσίαν*, authority, also, to the beast, Rev. xiii. 2. And how many are there, even in the Christian church, who plead for the same claim in behalf of those beastly powers, who get all their authority from the devil; and still call them the ordinance of God?

It is not, therefore, because the devil really possesses this ἐξουσίαν, but because he claims it, that in giving the relation, it is ascribed to him, as he is called the prince and the god of this world, for, whatever physical power he may possess, authority he has none.* And the same may be said of all immoral powers. And, in one word, the characters given by the apostle, in the thirteenth chapter of the Romans, never could apply to tyrants, or to any but to moral, lawful powers, as we have proved the word here used signifies. And, indeed, the words literally translated, as they ought to have been, would abundantly show this. "For there is no authority unless from God, and these being authorities, (that is, lawful rulers,) are ordained of God." The participle οὖσαι, applies to the being of such magistrates, whenever and wherever they may exist. Such, and only such, are God's ordinance. And resistance is forbidden, only when it is directed against the ordinance of God. This ordinance of God secures the continuance of civil government in the world, as well under the gospel dispensation, as under the Old Testament economy. There were, in the apostle's days, some who "despised dominion, and spoke evil of dignities," who imagined that the gospel had put an end to all civil government. In our own day, we hear of some who cherish the same sentiments, who declare they "cannot acknowledge allegiance to any human government." To all such, the apostle, speaking by the Spirit of God, says, "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers." Refusing the ordinance of God, is equal to resisting it. It is not obeying the command. Some suppose that the apostle contradicts Christ, and that it is better to obey Christ than the apostle. This is to deny a part of divine revelation. It is divine. Be not deceived. Christ inspired the apostles by his Holy Spirit, and they spoke nothing but what he commanded them. Rest assured, if you understand the apostle, and believe that he contradicts Christ, you have misunderstood Christ. And that you have, I most firmly believe. He has, indeed, a spiritual kingdom, and all his saints belong to it, and worship him as *King of Saints*. But these are not his only subjects. He is also *King of nations*. He is "the prince of the kings of the earth." "He has a name written on his vesture, and on his thigh, King of kings, and Lord of lords." These do not represent saints. The kingdoms are distinct. Saints and nations do not mean the same thing, otherwise why are they mentioned as two?

Some attempt to distinguish between passive obedience and non-resistance, and plead only for non-resistance. Well, it is granted there is a shade of difference. The one is not precisely the same as the other, and yet they are nearly allied. An improper demand is made upon a female. She, with great propriety, refuses compliance, but to any injury that is offered, according to the principle of non-resistance, passive endurance is all that duty requires. The difference here would not be great. The protection of law is also refused. According to the system all civil government should cease. No more laws to be made and executed by men. The prison doors must be thrown open, and jails emptied upon society. The robbers, and the plunderers, the incendiaries, and the murderers, have free license unrestrained to work their

* Since the preceding was written, the author has in some measure modified his views in regard to the meaning of ἐξουσία, which he believes does not invariably denote moral power, although when *moral power* is meant, it and not δυναμις is the word used.

will upon the community. Now unless the divine Being would interpose, by a miracle, could society exist? Have we any ground to believe that such an interposition would be made? Does not the reasoning of Christ himself suppose, and certainly infer, the necessity of magistrates, trials and punishment? Matt. v. 25: "Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him, lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison." Is there any thing in this direction of the Saviour, to countenance the laying aside the ordinary means of preservation, by judges and prisons, and trust to a miraculous interposition of heaven? Verily, no.

[For the Banner of the Covenant.]

CONSCIENCE.

Conscience is that principle implanted by the Creator within the human breast, by which we judge of the right or wrong of any question which arises before us. It also connects emotions of pleasure or pain with the observance or neglect of what is right, or the commission of what is wrong by ourselves, and gives rise to a sense of merit or demerit in regard to the actions observed in others. The estimate we put on a person depends almost entirely on the degree in which we suppose they are influenced by this faculty. When we say of persons, that "they have no conscience," we mean that their moral sensibilities are blunted, and that their perception of right and wrong is obscure and dependent on their views of what is most expedient for the gratification of their selfish desires. Nor do we mean, when we say that a person has no conscience, literally, that they are altogether destitute of that faculty, but only that they act as if they were. For although those who neglect the exercise of this faculty or disregard its admonitions, and act in direct opposition to its dictates, may for a time cease to hear its whisperings, or feel its goadings, while it is as if were "seared with a hot iron," yet it is not dead, but only slumbers in a morbid inactivity; and, if not before, will, on the bed of death, or in the unveiling of futurity, awake with thunderings. If its indications are observed—its promptings obeyed—there is no principle of our nature capable of affording more substantial and unalloyed happiness. For it is the voice of God, and this must be its tendency. When, as the scriptures express it, we "harden our hearts," which is but another name for going contrary to and fighting against the dictates of our conscience, we are doing all in our power to ruin our own happiness for time, and perhaps for eternity. For it is only in the path of duty which it points out, that we can find ways of pleasantness and paths of peace. But if we would reap the full benefit of the teachings of conscience, we must exercise it in the light of God's word, with prayer for the illuminating influences of his Holy Spirit, and also avoid the least departure from its decisions, for its calls become less and less distinct to those who turn a deaf ear to them. As it is a fixed law of our nature that our active principles are strengthened by exercise, if we would have our conscience—which is one of them—in a healthful, vigorous state, we must exercise it. As the hunter, in pursuing the trail of the game, acquires a sharpness and quickness of sight, by the exercise of that organ, which enables him to see the way clear where others would find no traces whatever, just so

the one accustomed to follow the path of duty watchfully and constantly will find it distinctly marked out in many places where another, not accustomed to seek or travel in it, would not see its course or bearings. And were Christians more careful in following the path of duty—that is, obeying the dictates of conscience, taking God’s word as a light to their feet and a lamp to their path, how many errors and wanderings would be avoided which bring trouble and sorrow to themselves, and shame and reproach on their Master. And how would they be able to rejoice as many of their perplexing doubts vanished, that in the humble discharge of known duty, they had found the key to the declaration of the Saviour,—“If any man will do my will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God.” These thoughts were forcibly suggested by hearing a friend remark that “—— had mistaken their calling, *for they were not conscientious enough.*” O what a pity, what a shame, that Christians should thus not only deprive themselves of the joys of a pure conscience, but also weaken their influence for good, and bring reproach on their Lord, who bought them. Let each one ask themselves with prayer and self-examination, whether they are constantly exercising their conscience as becomes Christians in view of their obligations and interests; or whether they are slighting its calls, neglecting its warnings, and often acting in direct opposition to its requirements. And let those who are smothering and disregarding the voice of this vicegerent of God in their breasts, consider that the calm and quiet they seek is but the awful, death-like stillness which precedes the bursting of the storm. As conscience now pleads for God and they refuse to hear, so God may leave them to call when he will not answer; but say as he did to Ephraim, “He is joined to his idols; let him alone.” And may we all remember the warning of the Spirit: “He that being often reprovèd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy;” and be striving, that “the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself to God, may purge our consciences from dead works, to serve the living God.” B.

Practical Essays.

A VISIT TO THE CELESTIAL CITY.

[Concluded.]

It was late in the day when the train thundered into the ancient city of Vanity, where Vanity Fair is still at the height of prosperity, and, exhibits an epitome of whatever is brilliant, gay and fascinating beneath the sun. As I purposed to make a considerable stay here, it gratified me to learn that there is now no longer the want of harmony between the town’s-people and pilgrims, which impelled the former to such lamentably mistaken measures as the persecution of Christian and the fiery martyrdom of Faithful. On the contrary, as the new rail-road brings with it great trade and a constant influx of strangers, the lord of Vanity Fair is its chief patron, and the capitalists of the city are among the largest stockholders. Many passengers stop to take their pleasure or make their profit in the Fair, instead of going onward to the Celestial City. Indeed, such are the charms of the place, that the people often affirm it to be the true and only heaven; stoutly contending that there is no other; that those who seek farther are mere dreamers, and that if the fabled brightness of the Celestial City lay but a mile beyond the gates of Vanity, they would not be fools enough to go thither. Without subscribing to these, perhaps exaggerated encomiums, I can truly say, that my abode in the city was mainly agreeable, and my in-

tercourse with the inhabitants productive of much amusement and instruction.

Being naturally of a serious turn, my attention was directed to the solid advantages derivable from a residence here, rather than to the effervescent pleasures, which are the grand object with too many visitants. The Christian reader, if he have had no accounts of the city later than Bunyan's time, will be surprised to hear that almost every street has its church, and that the reverend clergy are nowhere held in higher respect than at Vanity Fair. And well do they deserve such honourable estimation; for the maxims of wisdom and virtue which fall from their lips, come from as deep a spiritual source, and tend to as lofty a religious aim, as those of the sagest philosophers of old. In justification of this high praise, I need only mention the names of the Rev. Mr. Shallow-deep, the Rev. Mr. Stumble-at-truth, that fine old clerical character, the Rev. Mr. This-to-day, who expects shortly to resign his pulpit to the Rev. Mr. That-to-morrow; together with the Rev. Mr. Bewilderment, the Rev. Mr. Clog-the-spirit, and, last and greatest, the Rev. Dr. Wind-of-doctrine. The labours of these eminent divines are aided by those of innumerable lecturers, who diffuse such a various profundity in all subjects of human nature or celestial science, that any man may acquire a universal erudition, without the trouble of even learning to read. Thus literature is etherealized by assuming for its medium the human voice; and knowledge, depositing all its heavier particles—except, doubtless, its gold—becomes exhaled into a sound, which forthwith steals into the ever-open ear of the community. These ingenious methods constitute a sort of machinery by which thought and study are done to every person's hand without his putting himself to the slightest inconvenience in the matter. There is another species of machine for the manufacture of individual morality. This excellent result is effected by societies for all manner of virtuous purposes: with which a man has merely to connect himself, throwing, as it were, his quota of virtue into the common stock; and the president and directors will take care that the aggregate amount be well applied. All these, and other wonderful improvements in ethics, religion, and literature, being made clear to my comprehension by the ingenious Mr. Smooth-it-away, inspired me with great admiration of Vanity Fair.

It would fill a volume, in an age of pamphlets, were I to record all my observations in this great capital of human business and pleasure. There was an unlimited range of society—the powerful, the wise, the witty, and the famous in every walk of life—princes, presidents, poets, generals, artists, actors and philanthropists, all making their own market at the Fair, and deeming no price too exorbitant for such commodities as hit their fancy. It is well worth one's while, even if he had no idea of buying or selling, to loiter through the bazaars, and observe the various sorts of traffic that were going forward. Some of the purchasers, I thought, made very foolish bargains. For instance, a young man, having inherited a splendid fortune, laid out a considerable portion of it in the purchase of diseases, and finally spent all the rest for a heavy lot of repentance and a suit of rags. There was a sort of stock or scrip called conscience, which seemed to be in great demand, and would purchase almost any thing. Indeed, few rich commodities were to be obtained without paying a heavy sum in this particular stock, as a man's business was seldom very lucrative, unless he knew precisely when and how to throw his hoard of conscience into the market. Yet, as his stock was the only thing of permanent value, whoever parted with it was sure to find himself a loser in the long run. Thousands sold their happiness for a whim.

Gilded chains were in great demand, and purchased with almost any sacrifice. In truth, those who desired, according to the old adage, to sell any

thing valuable for a song, might find customers all over the Fair; and there were innumerable messes of pottage, piping hot, for such as chose to buy them with their birth-rights. A few articles, however, could not be found genuine at Vanity Fair. If a customer wished to renew his stock of youth, the dealers offered him a set of false teeth and an auburn wig, if he demanded peace of mind, they recommended opium, or a brandy bottle.

Tracts of land and golden mansions, situate in the Celestial City, were often exchanged, at very disadvantageous rates, for a few years' lease of small, dismal, inconvenient tenements in Vanity Fair.

Day after day, as I walked the streets of Vanity, my manners and deportment became more and more like those of the inhabitants. The place began to seem like home; the idea of pursuing my travels to the Celestial City was almost obliterated from my mind. I was reminded of it, however, by the sight of the same pair of simple pilgrims at whom we had laughed so heartily, when Apollyon puffed smoke and steam into their faces, at the commencement of our journey. There they stood amid the densest bustle of Vanity—the dealers offering them their purple, and fine linen, and jewels; the men of wit and humour gibing at them; a pair of buxom ladies ogling them askance; while the benevolent Mr. Smooth-it-away whispered some of his wisdom at their elbows, and pointed to a newly erected temple,—but there stood these two worthy simpletons, making the scene look wild and monstrous, merely by their sturdy refusal to take any part in its business or pleasures.

One of them—his name was Stick-to-the-right—perceived, in my face, I suppose, a species of sympathy and almost admiration, which, to my own great surprise, I could not help feeling for this pragmatic couple. It prompted him to address me.

“Sir,” inquired he, with a sad, yet mild and kind voice, “do you call yourself a pilgrim?”

“Yes,” I replied, “my right to that appellation is indubitable. I am merely a sojourner here in Vanity Fair, being bound to the Celestial City by the new rail-road.”

“Alas, friend,” rejoined Mr. Stick-to-the-right, “I do assure you, and beseech you to receive the truth of my words, that that whole concern is a bubble. You may travel on it all your life-time, were you to live thousands of years, and yet never get beyond the limits of Vanity Fair. Yea, though you should deem yourself entering the gates of the Blessed City, it will be nothing but a miserable delusion.”

“The Lord of the Celestial City,” began the other pilgrim, whose name was Mr. Go-the-old-way, “has refused, and will for ever refuse, to grant an act of incorporation for this rail-road; and unless that be obtained, no passenger can ever hope to enter his dominions. Wherefore every man who buys a ticket must lay his account with losing the purchase money—which is the value of his own soul.”

“Poh, nonsense,” said Mr. Smooth-it-away, taking my arm and leading me off, “these fellows ought to be indicted for a libel. If the law stood as it once did in Vanity Fair, we should see them grinning through the iron bars of the prison window.”

This incident made a considerable impression on my mind, and contributed, with other circumstances, to indispose me to a permanent residence in the city of Vanity; although, of course, I was not simple enough to give up my original plan of gliding along easily and commodiously by rail-road. Still, I grew anxious to be gone.

There was one strange thing that troubled me. Amid the occupations or amusements of the Fair, nothing was more common than for a person—whether at a feast, theatre, or church, or trafficking for wealth and honours, or whatever he might be doing, and however unseasonable the interruption—

suddenly to vanish like a soap bubble, and be never more seen of his fellows; and so accustomed were the latter to such little accidents, that they went on with their business, as quietly as if nothing had happened. But it was otherwise with me.

Finally, after a pretty long residence at the Fair, I resumed my journey towards the Celestial City, still with Mr. Smooth-it-away at my side. At a short distance beyond the suburbs of Vanity we passed the ancient silver-mine of which Demas was the first discoverer, and which is now wrought to great advantage, supplying nearly all the coined currency of the world. A little farther onward was the spot where Lot's wife had stood for ages, under the semblance of a pillar of salt. Curious travellers have carried it away piecemeal. Had all regrets been punished as rigorously as this poor dame's were, my yearning for the relinquished delights of Vanity Fair might have produced a similar change in my own corporeal substance, and left me a warning to future pilgrims.

The next remarkable object was a large edifice, constructed of moss-grown stone, but in a modern and airy style of architecture. The engine came to a pause in its vicinity, with the usual tremendous shriek.

"This was formerly the castle of the redoubtable giant Despair," observed Mr. Smooth-it-away, "but, since his death, Mr. Flimsy-faith has repaired it, and now keeps an excellent house of entertainment. It is one of our stopping-places."

"It seems but slightly put together," remarked I, looking at the frail, yet ponderous walls. "I do not envy Mr. Flimsy-faith his habitation. Some day it will tumble down upon the heads of the occupants."

"We shall escape, at all events," said Mr. Smooth-it-away, "for Apollyon is putting on the steam again."

The road now plunged into a gorge of the Delectable Mountains, and traversed the field where, in former ages, the blind men wandered and stumbled among the tombs. One of these ancient tomb-stones had been thrust across the track, by some malicious person, and gave the train of cars a terrible jolt. Far up the rugged side of a mountain I perceived a rusty iron door, half overgrown with bushes and creeping plants, but with smoke issuing from its crevices.

"Is that," inquired I, "the very door in the hill-side, which the shepherds assured Christian was a by-way to hell?"

"That was a joke on the part of the shepherds," said Mr. Smooth-it-away, with a smile. "It is neither more nor less than the door of a cavern, which they use as a smoke house."

My recollections of the journey are now, for a little space, dim and confused, inasmuch as a singular drowsiness here overcame me, owing to the fact that we were passing over the enchanted ground, the air of which encouraged a disposition to sleep. I awoke, however, as soon as we crossed the borders of the pleasant land of Beulah. All the passengers were rubbing their eyes, comparing watches, and congratulating one another on the prospect of arriving so seasonably at their journey's end. The sweet breezes of this happy clime came refreshingly to our nostrils; we beheld the glimmering gush of silver fountains, overhung by trees of beautiful foliage and delicious fruit, which were propagated by grafts from the celestial gardens. Once, as we dashed onward like a hurricane, there was a flutter of wings, and the bright appearance of an angel in the air, speeding forth on some heavenly mission. The engine now announced the close vicinity of the final station-house, by one last and horrible scream, in which there seemed to be distinguishable every kind of wailing and wo, and bitter fierceness of wrath, all mixed up with the wild laughter of a devil or a madman. All through our journey, at every stopping-place, Apollyon had exercised his ingenuity in screwing the

most abominable sounds out of the whistle of the steam-engine; but in this closing effort he outdid himself, and created an infernal uproar, which, besides disturbing the peaceful inhabitants of Beulah, must have sent its discord even through the celestial gates.

While the horrid clamour was still ringing in our ears, we heard an exulting strain, as if a thousand instruments of music, with height, and depth, and sweetness in their tones, at once tender and triumphant, were struck in unison to greet the approach of some illustrious hero, who had fought the good fight and won a glorious victory, and was come to lay aside his battered arms for ever. Looking to ascertain what might be the occasion of this glad harmony, I perceived on alighting from the cars, that a multitude of shining ones had assembled on the river, to welcome two poor pilgrims, who were just emerging from its depths. They were the same whom Apollyon and ourselves had persecuted with taunts and gibes, and scalding steam, at the commencement of our journey—the same whose unworldly aspect and impressive words had stirred my conscience amid the wild revellers of Vanity Fair.

“How amazingly well those men have got on,” cried I to Mr. Smooth-it-away. “I wish we were secure of so good a reception.”

“Never fear—never fear,” answered my friend. “Come—make haste; the ferry-boat will be off directly; and in three minutes you will be on the other side of the river. No doubt you will find coaches to carry you up to the city gates.”

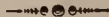
A steam ferry-boat, the last improvement on this important route, lay at the river side, puffing, snorting, and emitting all those other disagreeable utterances which betoken the departure to be immediate. I hurried on board with the rest of the passengers, most of whom were in great perturbation; some bawling out for their baggage; some tearing their hair and exclaiming that the boat would explode or sink; some already pale with the heaving of the stream; some gazing affrighted at the ugly aspect of the steersman, and some still dizzy with the slumbering influences of the Enchanted Ground. Looking back to the shore, I was amazed to discern Mr. Smooth-it-away waving his hand in token of farewell.

“Don’t you go over to the Celestial City?” exclaimed I.

“O no,” answered he, with a queer smile, and that same disagreeable contortion of visage which I had remarked in the inhabitants of the Dark Valley.

“O no. I have come thus far only for the sake of your pleasant company. Good bye. We shall meet again.”

And then did my excellent friend, Mr. Smooth-it-away, laugh outright. In the midst of his laughter, however, a smoke wreath issued from his mouth and nostrils, while a twinkle of livid flame darted out of either eye, proving that his heart was all of a red blaze. The impudent fiend. To deny the existence of Tophet, when he felt its fiery tortures raging within his breast. I rushed to the side of the boat, intending to fling myself on shore: but the wheels, as they began their revolutions, threw a dash of spray over me, so cold—so deadly cold, with the chill that will never leave those waters, until death be drowned in his own river—that with a shiver and a heart-quake, I awoke. It was a dream.

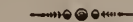


WE DO NOT PRAY ENOUGH.—Felix Neff once made the following comparison: “When a pump is frequently used, but little pains are necessary to have water: the water pours out the first stroke, because it is high. But if the pump has not been used for a long time, the water gets low, and when you want it you must pump a long while, and the water comes only after great effort. It is so with prayer. If we are constant in prayer, every little circumstance awakens the disposition to pray, and desires and words are always ready. But if we neglect prayer, it is difficult for us to pray, for the well gets low.”

WHICH ARE THE BEST INVESTMENTS.

"I am well satisfied," thought a worldly man, "with the state of my investments. I hold a large amount in government stock at a premium. My insurance funds yield me ten per cent.; my city lots are steadily rising in value; how lucky, that I laid out so largely in rail-road shares which are bringing me a plentiful income, without my moving a finger! I have several thousands on hand, which I scarcely know what to do with. They must not be idle; I will expend them in building. 'Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease—eat, drink, and be merry.'"

"I am well pleased," thought a Christian, "with *my* investments. Many years ago, I placed a considerable sum at interest in the Foreign Mission Funds, and have been enabled to add to it every year. Who can tell the good it may have done? Without my moving a step, it is contributing to spread the truth on the opposite side of the globe. A very favourite investment with me is in Domestic Missions. The compound interest on that stock is incalculable. I have shares of *real* estate in several new churches built at the West, where hundreds will hear the gospel preached when I am sleeping in the dust. A small sum, that I came very near wasting, is aiding, at this moment, to evangelize France. How happy I am that I took shares in the Bible, Tract, and Education Companies, which are paying rich dividends of good, and promise yet larger ones! I have a few dollars in hand, which I do not need. They shall not lie idle a day. I will divide them between the seamen and the Portuguese exiles. And may He who furnishes the money, bestow his blessing with it."



I'M TOO BUSY.

A merchant sat at his office-desk; various letters were spread before him; his whole being was absorbed in the intricacies of his business. A zealous friend of mankind entered the office. "I want to interest you a little in a new effort for the temperance cause," said the good man. The merchant cut him off by replying, "Sir, you must excuse me, but really I'm too busy to attend to that subject now." "But, sir, intemperance is on the increase among us," said his friend. "It is? I'm sorry; but I'm too busy at present to do any thing." "When shall I call again, sir?" "I cannot tell. I'm very busy. I'm busy every day. Excuse me, sir, I wish you a good morning." Then bowing the intruder out of the office, he resumed the study of his papers. The merchant had frequently repulsed the friends of humanity in this manner. No matter what was the object, he was too busy to listen to their claims. He had even told his minister he was too busy for any thing but to make money. But one morning a disagreeable stranger stepped very softly to his side, laying a cold, moist hand upon his brow, and saying, "Go home with me." The merchant laid down his pen; his head grew dizzy; his stomach felt faint and sick; he left the counting-room, went home, and retired to his bed-chamber. His unwelcome visiter had followed him, and now took his place by the bed-side, whispering ever and anon, "You must go with me." A cold chill settled on the merchant's heart; dim spectres of ships, notes, houses and lands flitted before his excited mind. Still his pulse beat slower, his heart heaved heavily, thick films gathered over his eyes, his tongue refused to speak. Then the merchant knew that the name of his visiter was Death!

All other claimants on his attention, except the friends of mammon, had always found a quick dismissal in the magic phrase, "I'm too busy." Humanity, mercy, religion, had alike begged his influence, means and attention in vain. But when death came, the excuse was powerless; he was compelled to have leisure to die. Let us beware how to make ourselves too busy to secure life's great end. When the excuse rises to our lips, and we are about to say that we are too busy, to do good, let us remember we cannot be too busy to die."



Poetry.

THE COVENANTERS' NIGHT HYMN.

The religious persecutions of the Covenanters were not mere things of a day, but were continued through at least three entire generations. They extended from the accession of James VI. to the English throne, (*testibus* the rhymes of Sir David Lyndsay, and the classic prose of Buchanan,) down to the revolution of 1688—almost a century, during which many thousands tyrannically perished, without in the least degree loosening that tenacity of purpose, or subduing that *perseveridum ingenium*, which, according to Thuanus, have been national characteristics.

As in almost all similar cases, the cause of the Covenanters, so strenuously and unflinchingly maintained, ultimately resulted in the victory of protestantism—that victory, the fruits of which we have seemed of late years so readily inclined to throw away; and, in its rural districts more especially, of nothing are the people more justly proud than

—“the tales
Of persecution and the Covenant,
Whose echo rings through Scotland to this hour.”

So says Wordsworth. Those traditions have been emblazoned by the pens of Scott, M'Crie, Galt, Hogg, Wilson, Grahame, and Pollok, and by the pencils of Wilkie, Harvie, and Duncan,—each regarding them with the eye of his peculiar genius.

In reference to the following stanzas, it should be remembered that, during the holding of their conventicles—which frequently, in the more troublous times, took place amid mountain solitudes, and during the night—a sentinel was stationed on some commanding height in the neighbourhood, to give warning of the approach of danger.—[*Blackwood*.

I.

Ho! plaided watcher of the hill,
What of the night?—what of the night?
The winds are low, the woods are still,
The countless stars are sparkling bright;
From out this heathery moorland glen,
By the shy wild-fowl only trod,
We raise our hymn, unheard of men,
To Thee—an omnipresent God!

II.

Jehovah! though no sign appear,
Through earth our aimless path to lead,
We know, we feel Thee ever near,
A present help in time of need—
Near, as when, pointing out the way,
For ever in thy people's sight,
A pillared wreath of smoke by day,
Which turned to fiery flame at night!

III.

Whence came the summons forth to go?—
From Thee awoke the warning sound!
“Out to your tents, O Israel! Lo!
The heathen's warfare girds thee round.
Sons of the faithful! up—away!
The lamb must of the wolf beware;
The falcon seeks the dove for prey;
The fowler spreads his cunning snare!”

IV.

Day set in gold; 'twas peace around—
'Twas seeming peace by field and flood:
We woke, and on our lintels found
The cross of wrath—the mark of blood.
Lord! in thy cause we mocked at fears,
We scorned the ungodly's threatening words—
Beat out our pruning-hooks to spears,
And turned our ploughshares into swords!

v.

Degenerate Scotland! days have been
Thy soil when only freemen trod—
When mountain-crag and valley green
Poured forth the loud acclaim to God!—
The fire which liberty imparts,
Refulgent in each patriot eye,
And, graven on a nation's hearts,
The Word—for which we stand or die!

vi.

Unholy change! The scorner's chair
Is now the seat of those who rule;
Tortures, and bonds, and death, the share
Of all except the tyrant's tool.
That faith in which our fathers breathed,
And had their life, for which they died—
That priceless heirloom they bequeathed
Their sons—our impious foes deride!

vii.

So we have left our homes behind,
And we have belted on the sword,
And we in solemn league have joined,
Yea! covenanted with the Lord,
Never to seek those homes again,
Never to give the sword its sheath,
Until our rights of faith remain
Unfettered as the air we breathe!

viii.

O Thou, who rulest above the sky,
Begirt about with starry thrones,
Cast from the heaven of heavens thine eye
Down on our wives and little ones—
From hallelujahs surging round,
Oh! for a moment turn thine ear,
The widow prostrate on the ground,
The famished orphan's cries to hear!

ix.

And Thou wilt hear! it cannot be,
That Thou wilt list the raven's brood,
When from their nest they scream to Thee,
And in due season send them food;
It cannot be that Thou wilt weave
The lily such superb array,
And yet unfed, unsheltered, leave
Thy children—as if less than they!

x.

We have no hearth—the ashes lie
In blackness where they brightly shone;
We have no home—the desert sky
Our covering, earth our couch alone:
We have no heritage—deprived
Of these, we ask not such on earth;
Our hearts are sealed; we seek in heaven,
For heritage, and home, and hearth!

xi.

O Salem, city of the saints,
And holy men made perfect! We
Pant for thy gates, our spirits faint
Thy glorious golden streets to see;—
To mark the rapture that inspires
The ransomed, and redeemed by grace;
To listen to the seraph's lyres,
And meet the angels face to face!

xii.

Father in heaven! we turn not back,
Though briars and thorns choke up the path;
Rather the torture of the rack,
Than tread the wine-press of Thy wrath.
Let thunders crash, let torrents shower,
Let whirlwinds churn the howling sea,
What is the turmoil of an hour,
To an eternal calm with Thee?

The Family Circle.

THE QUAKER AND THE LITTLE THIEF.

Children, have you ever heard of Isaac T. Hopper, or "Friend Isaac," as he is familiarly called. He belongs to the Society of Friends; and if you should ever happen to meet him, you would not need to be told that he was a very good-natured man, not particularly averse to an occasional joke. Well, a few days ago, the old gentleman came into our office; and among the stories he told, was one which we must re-tell.

While residing in Philadelphia, I had in my yard a pear-tree, which bore most excellent fruit. Between my yard and that of one of my neighbours, was a very high fence, with sharp iron pickets upon it. Now I did not put these pickets there. I don't approve of such things. It was the landlord's work. Well, one year, when the pear tree bore very abundantly, there happened to be a girl belonging to my neighbour's family, who was as fond of pears as I was myself, and I saw her several times climb the high fence, and walk carefully along between the pickets, until she came opposite the pear-tree. Then she would reach over, fill her basket with fruit, and carry it away.

One day I called upon my young friend with a basket of the nicest pears I could find.

"Rebecca," said I, "here are some fine pears for thee."

She did not know what I meant. I explained: "Rebecca, I brought

these pears on purpose for thee. I wish to make thee a present of them, as I see thou art fond of them." "I don't want them, sir."

"Ah, but thou dost, Rebecca; else thou wouldst not take so much pains almost every day to get them."

Still she would not take the pears, and I used a little more eloquence.

"Rebecca," I said, "thou must go and get a basket for these pears, or I shall leave them on the carpet. I am sure thou must like them, or thou wouldst not climb such a high and dangerous fence to get them. Those pickets are very sharp, Rebecca; and if thy feet should slip while thou art walking alone on the fence, and I am very much afraid they will, thou wouldst get hurt a great deal more than the pears are worth. Now thou art welcome to the fruit; but I hope I shall not see thee expose thyself so foolishly. But perhaps thou hast taken the pears so long, that they seem to belong to thee, as much as they belong to me. So I do not wish to blame thee, any more than thy conscience does. But, pray look out for those pickets. They are dangerous. I would have them removed, only I am afraid the landlord would not like it. Thou art welcome to the pears, though, and I will bring thee a basket full every day."

The little girl did not steal any more pears; and I venture to say that she was sufficiently rebuked before the end of the pear season, for I remembered my promise, and carried her a basket full every morning.

A DISOBEDIENT SCHOLAR.

Eight years ago, a scholar caused much pain to the superintendent, as well as to his teacher; complaints from the latter to the former were very frequent; he was placed in another class, and still continued disobedient. His mother being a widow, it was thought advisable to have patience and not expel him, or even request that he be kept at home. The superintendent frequently visited the mother, but she could not be persuaded that her son was as bad as represented, and permitted her affection to overcome her judgment to that degree, that she neglected to reprove or chasten him. The superintendent expostulated, and assured her that unless he was corrected, ultimately he would prove a thorn in her bosom; but she concluded that the superintendent was prejudiced, and would not regard his kind and disinterested entreaties. Being left fatherless himself, at an early age, and having a pious, sensible mother, who trained and corrected him properly, he felt for this widow and her son. The lad was permitted to attend the school, but was the source of annoyance frequently, and was often called up and reproved kindly and publicly. He, at length, left school, and was placed in a situation to earn a trifle. His employer had not work to keep him employed. As he had much leisure, the superintendent occasionally loaned him a book. After two years, he obtained an excellent situation, and promised to do well. This new situation he kept for perhaps twelve months, when it was seen that he had formed bad associates, and frequented improper places. His integrity was justly suspected, and at last intemperance plainly exhibited itself, and he was discharged.

He may now be seen in a place where the idle and profligate assemble. Now his mother has sorrow upon sorrow—the faithful superintendent's predictions are verified. Like Eli, she was informed that her son did evil, but she restrained him not. Here is a sad lesson for parents who disregard the precept, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."—*S. S. Adv.*

PHILIP HENRY'S ELDEST DAUGHTER.--Though younger than her brother Matthew, Sarah was the eldest sister. When six or seven years of age her father taught her Hebrew, and among other good customs she early began to take notes of sermons, so that before she reached her threescore years and ten she had many fair-written volumes—the record of sweet Sabbaths and endearing solemnities. Married to Mr. Savage, a substantial farmer, and a pious man, in the abundance of a farmhouse she found ample means for indulging her charitable disposition, and whilst blessed by the poor, to whose necessities she ministered, she was beloved by grateful friends, to whom her Christian composure and tender sympathy made her a welcome visitor in seasons of anxiety and sorrow. Through life she retained the bookish habits which she acquired at Broad Oak, and found time to read a great deal, and to copy for the use of her children many of those Christian biographies which were then circulated in manuscript, and not intended for the press.—But her superior understanding and elevated tastes did not disqualify her for the more irksome duties of her station. She verified the remark that “Educated persons excel in the meanest things, and refined persons possess the most common sense.” She made all the better farmer's wife for being Philip Henry's daughter; and the main difference betwixt the cultivated lady and the vulgar housewife was, that she did more things, and did them better. In the morning she visited the dairy, the kitchen, the market, and then it seemed as if she was all day alike in the parlour and the nursery. Besides clothing her household she found time to make garments for the poor; and by lying down with a book beside her she contrived to improve her mind, and read the works of such theologians as Owen, and Flavel, and Howe. Like her father, and most of the Puritans, she possessed a serene and tranquil spirit, and during the forty years of her married life was never known to lose her temper. Doubtless much of her successful industry, as well as the quiet dignity of her character, must be ascribed to this meek self-possession; for whilst her notable neighbours deemed it needful to screech commands over all the house, and follow each blundering menial in a perpetual fluster, the simplicity and forethought of Mrs. Savage's directions saved a world of trouble, and all things appeared to adjust and expedite themselves around her calm and gentle presence. Her new home was near her parents, and, besides frequent visits, she was often getting a word in season from the ready pen of her loving father. “If you would keep warm in this cold season, (January, 1692,) take these four directions:—1. Get into the Sun. Under his blessed beams there are warmth and comfort. 2. Go near the fire. ‘Is not the Word like fire?’ How many cheering passages are there! 3. Keep in motion and action—stirring up the grace and gift of God that is in you. 4. And seek Christian converse and communion. ‘How can one be warm alone?’” Along with the piety of her father she inherited much of his observant eye and spiritual mind; and many of her remarks are not only striking in themselves, but derive a charm from the little things which first suggested them:—“Seeing other creatures clean and white in the same place where the swine were all over mire, I thought it did represent good and bad men in the same place; the one defiled by the same temptations which the other escape through the grace of God and watchfulness.” “I was much affected lately when I saw our newly-sown garden, which we had secured so carefully, as we thought, from fowls, and had closely covered it, yet receive as much hurt by the unseen mole, which roots up and destroys. Lord, grant this be not the case of my poor soul! Many good seeds are sown.—Line upon line. Daily hearing or reading some good truths. And, by the grace of God, with my good education, I have been kept from many outward sins: but I have great reason to fear the unseen mole of heart-corruption, pride, covetousness. These work secretly but dangerously: Lord, do thou undertake for me.” “The coals coming to the fire with ice upon them at first seemed as though they would put out the fire, but afterwards they made it burn more fiercely; I had this meditation,—It is often so with me. That which seems against me is really for me.—Have not afflictions worked for my good? Sometimes I have gone to an ordinance, as these coals to the fire, all cold and frozen, and there I have been melted. My love and desire have been inflamed. That it hath not oftener been so has been my own fault.” But no extract from her journals can set in a more interesting light this admirable woman than the following lines recording the death of her only surviving son.—“1721, Feb. 15. My dear Philip was seized with a fatal distemper, the small-pox. Many fervent prayers were put up for him, both in closets and congregations; but on Monday, Feb. 27, between one and two o'clock he breathed his last;—the blessed spirit took wing, I trust, to the world of everlasting rest and

joy. The desire of our eyes, concerning whom we were ready to say, 'This son shall comfort us;' once all our joy, now all our tears. Near twenty-two years of age, he was just beginning to appear in public business, sober and pious. A true lover of his friends, of whom he said on his death-bed, 'I lay them down as I do my body, in hope to meet again every way better.' . . . I do not think the worse of God, or prayer, for this dispensation; yet, sometimes I am much oppressed. I find that deceit lies in generals. How often have I in word and in tongue given up and devoted my *all*—yoke-fellow, children, estate—and all without mental reservation. And now, when God comes to try me in but one dear comfort, with what difficulty can I part with him! Oh this wicked heart! Lord, I am thine. Though thou shouldst strip me of all my children, and of all my comforts here, yet if thou give me thyself, and clear up to me my interest in the everlasting covenant, it is enough. That blessed covenant has enough in it to gild the most gloomy dispensation of Providence. I have condoling letters daily from my friends. Their words, indeed, do touch my case, but cannot touch my heart."

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INFANT EDUCATION.—A mother once asked a clergyman when she should begin the education of her child, and she told him it was then four years old. "Madam," was his reply, "you have lost three years already. From the very first smile that gleams over an infant's face, your opportunity begins."

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Miscellaneous.

SINGING.—The American physician, Dr. Rush, thus speaks of the utility of singing, not only as an accomplishment, but as a corrective of the too common tendency to pulmonic complaints. "Vocal music," says this celebrated writer, "should never be neglected in the education of a young lady. Besides preparing her to join in that part of public worship which consists in psalmody, it will enable her to soothe the cares of domestic life; and the sorrows that will sometimes intrude into her own bosom, may all be relieved by a song, when sound and sentiment unite to act upon the mind. I here introduce a fact which has been suggested to me by my profession, and that is, that the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumptions; nor have I ever known but one instance of spitting blood among them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquired by exercising them in vocal music, for this constitutes an essential branch of their education. The music master of our academy has furnished me with an observation still more in favour of this opinion. He informed me that he had known several instances of persons who were strongly disposed to consumption, who were restored to health by the exercise of their lungs in singing."—*Harmonicon*.

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PRESERVATION OF BOOKS.—About twenty-five years ago, I was annoyed by finding the backs of several rows of books, some in a book-case having glazed doors which were kept locked, and others on adjoining open shelves, frequently mildewed. Wiping them carefully cleaned them only for a short time, for fresh crops of mildew speedily disfigured them again. Remembering to have seen my father, who always made his own ink, finish off by pouring a small glass of spirits of wine into the ink jar, in order to prevent its becoming mouldy, I lightly washed over the backs and covers of the books with spirits of wine, using as a brush the feather of the goose-quill. I frequently saw the books during the next five years, and I have occasionally seen them since, and there has not, so far as I am aware, been a single spot of mildew on them since the spirits of wine were applied. I have used spirits of wine to prevent mildew with equally good effect in other cases.—*Builder*.

MR. MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

Six weeks have scarcely elapsed since Mr. Macaulay's History appeared, and it has already reached a third edition. We do not wonder at its popularity, and we expect it to take a permanently high place in English literature. There is, in fact, no good history of England, and it has only been of late years that its sources have been in any degree accurately explored. Even now much remains to be done, and we have heard that Mr. Macaulay's own researches amongst the Dutch archives, not only supplied him largely with materials for his present work, but also convinced him that the history of Queen Elizabeth ought to be entirely re-written.

The popularity of Mr. Macaulay's work renders it more important to notice those false principles and mistakes into which he has fallen, especially in his introductory chapters. We have noticed and deplored that cold and philosophic spirit which seems ashamed to recognise the agency of God, in the conduct of those events which bear on the progress of human affairs. In particular we have noticed and exposed the skeptical doubt, "whether England owes more to the Roman catholic religion or to the reformation," and the worse than skeptical conclusion, that the suppression of the Albigenses and the Lollards was by no means a matter of regret. It is the fashion of a certain class of German philosophers, to speak as if every form of error or false doctrine, was in its season right and proper. They have risen far above the prejudices of those who receive the kingdom of God as little children. In their own imagination they are "wise and prudent," and from their lofty eminence look down with pity and contempt on those who receive the Bible in simplicity and believe the truths it contains. It is not remarkable, then, that ancient popery should be regarded by such as merely an introduction to modern protestantism. Even idolatry has had its advocates, and there are those who would consider "the elegant mythology of the Greeks," as so beneficial in its influence, that the overthrow of its altars, and the destruction of its oracles by the march of Christianity, is to be regarded rather as a loss than a gain. Percy Byshe Shelley conceived Christianity itself to be a very calamitous accident in the history of the world, and lamented that the progress of Greek culture was stopped first by Roman conquests, then by this Jewish superstition. As architects, painters, and sculptors are apt to prefer the gorgeous magnificence of the apostate Rome, to the more sober simplicity of the reformed churches, so the same class of men are sometimes prone to prefer heathenism, with its temples and its idols both, to popery and the reformation. In a work lately published by Archdeacon Hare, to the no small scandal of the Church of England, containing the life of a curate of his own who lapsed into gross infidelity, and which we intend ere long to notice, we find an anecdote of the celebrated Danish sculptor, Thorwalsden, very much to the point:—"Did you ever," writes the unhappy Mr. Sterling, "Did you ever hear the story of his being at a party at Bunsen's, whose house was on the Capitoline Hill, on the side of the temple of Olympian Jove, and where the conversation, as often under Bunsen's guidance, took a very Christian turn, till Thorwalsden remarked through the window, commanding a noble prospect of Rome, the modern city, the planet Jupiter in great glory, and filling his glass, exclaimed, '*Well, here's in honour of the ancient gods.*'"

Such is the spirit in which men "without hope and without God in the world," are content to view those strongholds of Satan, whether they belong to heathen or popish times, against which the doom of heaven has gone forth, and which are numbered amongst the obstacles which impede the progress of Messiah's kingdom. They look upon heathenism, or popery, or Mohammedanism, not as each bears upon the realities of eternity, but as they seem associated with the progress of the arts and sciences, and especially with the embellishments of polished life. The sculptor, Thorwalsden, could drink to

the ancient gods, just as Pugin the architect has gone over to the ancient superstition of a system rich in gorgeous architecture, painted windows, and marble images. So the men of letters, or the antiquary, when indifferent to the kingdom of the Lord of glory, can drink to the memory of the Moors who crowned the ruined heights of Alhambra with their mosques, or of the popish crusaders who desolated the Albigenian villages, and left Rome, down to the time of Luther, at leisure, unopposed by heretics, to erect such majestic temples as the church of St. Peter's, and foster the genius of Michael Angelo and Raphael.

Connected with Mr. Macaulay's skepticism concerning popery and the reformation, we must not overlook his shameful calumny on the memory of Cranmer. We are not blind to the faults and errors of the first protestant Archbishop, but we also know that Mr. Macaulay is utterly incapable of penetrating the inner chambers of the heart of such a man, and that in maligning the great reformer, he only exposes his own ignorance and incapacity. His words are as follows:—"Saintly in his professions, unscrupulous in his dealings, zealous for nothing, bold in speculations, a coward and a time-server in action, a placable enemy, and a lukewarm friend."

To refute these calumnies, uttered, as they are, with a confidence which seems to mock at the notion of fallibility, it would be necessary to go over the events of the life of Cranmer. But a very slight acquaintance with history is enough to prove that Macaulay did not understand, and could not appreciate the reformer whom he defames. It is true he was, to use bishop Burnet's words, "a man of great temper," and disliked violence. "He was," says the bishop, "gentle in his whole behaviour, and though he was a man of *too great candour and simplicity to be refined in the arts of policy*, yet he managed his affairs with great prudence; which did so much recommend him to the king, that no ill offices were able to hurt him." Again—"It is clear that he held not that opinion (concerning the dependence of ecclesiastical functions on the civil magistrate) to get the king's favour by it; for, as in many other things, as in the business of the Six Articles, he boldly and freely argued, both in the Convocation and the House of Peers, against that which he knew was the king's mind, and took his life in his hands, which had certainly been offered at a stake if the king's esteem of him had not been proof against all attempts." Bishop Burnet's notice of his closing scene we also quote, because it is short and pregnant in meaning, remembering, as we must, that Thuanus, or de Thou, was himself a Romanist, and an eminent French judge, the first President of the Parliament of Paris, as well as an historian. "I have nothing," says the bishop, "to add to the sad narrative I gave, both of his fall and of his repentance, and his firm constancy to the last, in that amazing instance of holding his hand in the fire till it was almost burnt away; of which Thuanus gives a very particular account, so that the truth of the fact cannot be disputed."

It has of late become a fashion to abuse Cranmer; and Mr. Macaulay, in his history, has in this, as in other instances, proved that he himself is subject to that same weakness which he says is characteristic of English historians. "As there is no country where statesmen have been so much under the influence of the past, so there is no country where *historians have been so much under the influence of the present*." The abuse of Cranmer may gratify the Tractarians, and will please the Romanists, whilst it is not distasteful either to infidelity or to political dissent. Mr. Hallam has, in like manner, grossly defamed Luther, and spoken of the great German reformer as if those writings, which shook the Vatican and revolutionized Europe, were beneath the notice of an historian of literature. Bossuet, on the contrary, although a papist, is extolled as "the Eagle of Meaux." Thus it is, that we discern in the boasted liberalism of worldly men the natural enmity of the human heart against the things of God.—*London Record*.

[For the Banner of the Covenant.]

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT COMPARED.

In comparison with a former age, to complain of the present as degenerate, is said to be a foible of old men. Against such complainings, the Spirit of wisdom and of truth seems, Eccl. vii. 10, to put us on our guard: "*Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this.*" The forms of both moral good and evil change. Unaccustomed to the present forms of manifestation of the one or the other of them, and distances of times giving occasion to forgetfulness on the subject, may lead to a false judgment in the matter. It is true, too, that while, on the whole, virtue is on the advance, a particular vice, unguarded against for the time, may have a disproportionate prevalence, and hence lead to unjust conclusions, both with regard to the past and the present.

We are not of those who think our own days to be worse than those of by-gone times. Had those accusations that have, on this point, been heard in every past age, been well founded, Tophet itself, perhaps, could not have been worse than our earth. But the reproaches or complaints have not been, nor are they true. Far beyond what was known in former days, restraints are laid upon the grosser aspects of sin; and far beyond any thing known to our fathers, there is an organized efficiency in the production of physical, intellectual, social, and moral good. At no past period of time has the prospect of good to the church and the nations appeared more full of promise, than at this day. In proof of this, we have only to look to the manifestations of the influence of religious and moral principle, in the progress of the Bible, extension of religious tracts, growing regard to the sanctity of the Sabbath, to the interests of education, to the power of the press, the advance of the arts, and the opening of the doors of the nations to an unrestrained intercourse, unknown to previous times, and of which the awakened spirit of missionary enterprise is taking the advantage, to make known to those who have long been sitting in darkness, and in the shadow of death, the way of eternal life. It may, indeed, be said by those inclined to look on these movements in another, or obscure light,—that these are the fields of parade, giving occasion to ostentatious show; which, for the time, chooses to make its appearance in a sacred garb. In the whole, some allege there is little, perhaps nothing of the spirit of vital religion. Into an argument on this allegation, we do not enter. In the manifestations in favour of a moral advancement, there is an earnestness, intelligence, and uniformity, that forbid the suspicion of a prevailing, vain show of hypocrisy. But while we affirm a predominance of enlightened virtue to be in these movements, we assert not their perfection,—nor do we deny that, in their neighbourhood, great defects may be found. To ascertain those defects and their causes, in order to the finding of their remedy, is the duty of those whose circumstances and ability qualify them for the irksome task. Such is not our work.

We frequently find, in the journals of the day, a bitter complaint of the want of "deep and thorough experimental godliness," as characteristic of the present time. And we very freely admit, that the possession of the spirit of such a godliness, would secure to us, were it

general, a loftier character than that which we now have. Yet, in a comparative judgment with a past age, on this subject, we may be liable to err. What do we mean by a *deep, experimental godliness*? Is it a full saving view of the whole system of divine truth, in its doctrines, laws, promises, and the bearing of this system, through the entire circle of sacred institutes of divine appointment and providential dispensations, upon the whole of the inner man, mind, conscience, heart, will; in the production and direction of faith, love, humility, repentance, hope, consolation, religious joy, and a full external expression of these in a life of holiness toward God, and of beneficence toward man? We are ourselves inclined to think that individual examples of such a character are comparatively fewer now than in the days of our fathers; yet that the amount of true religion, religious influence and good morals, is less, we are by no means prepared to grant. The accumulation in one locality may be less, while it being of a character more diffusive and active, is really more. Like the large estate of the man of wealth, when divided and distributed among his heirs, while the particular portion is smaller, the sum total is not less; nor is the product and sum of happiness likely to be diminished. In the case before us, it was more in the *closet*, now it is more in the *street*; but the religion of the street, that which expresses itself in action, though not so distinct or deep, may be, in its measure, as rich as that of the closet. Were it allowable to use the language, we would say, the one appears in the form of scientific demonstration, the other less profoundly in that of the application of the practical rule. These remarks, perhaps, may help to illustrate the difference between the form of the manifestation of the religion of our day, and that of a previous time.

Still, we concede to the complainer of our defects, that we are in all respects, far, very far, behind what the nature of the subject requires, and what our means, under the promised blessing of the Spirit's influence, authorize us to expect? Why, then, are we not of the highest stature of the Christian character? In replying to this, we shall not expatiate on the relative conditions of the household of faith, as at present unpropitious to high attainments in the life of godliness; nor yet on the allurements of the world, its pursuits, gains, associations, honours, and pleasures. Passing over them, and many other topics not inappropriate to the general subject, we shall offer a remark or two on some forms of the neglect of the Bible, of evil tendency in retarding the spiritual growth of the Christian. The Bible furnishes the great mean of advancement in the attainments of holiness. "*Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth.*" But to have this result in its higher forms, the Bible must not only be on our tables, and in our hands, but its contents must be in our heads and hearts. Its precious principles must be understood, and by them every faculty of the inner man must be imbued. In the light of these principles is seen their influence in the production, sustentation, and direction of every grace and virtue that enters into the constitution of the high Christian character, as well as their connexion with, and bearing on the privileges of the sound believer. Deep experience in the divine life, is a near relationship with the deep things of the whole glorious mediatorial constitution of our Redeemer, and with his extended action in the execution of his every office, in its bearing upon all to which it relates in heaven, earth, and hell. Where an acquaintance with these things is

very limited, however spiritual in its nature, the subject of it cannot rank high in the life of godliness. The analogies of life abundantly illustrate this, as the nature of the subject proves its truth. Have we, then, not reason to fear the religion of our age is, while extensively genuine, remarkable for its simplicity? Why is the matter thus? Ought it to remain so?

In replying to the query, *Why is the matter thus?* we at present can refer to only two or three particulars, and these, perhaps, not the most prominent among the causes and evidences of the general evil. Passing over the notice of the spirit of the world in its various forms of operation, which has so extensively invaded the walks of Zion, we — *First*, mention the undue amount of light reading of our day, as leaving little time for a deep exercise of thought. We refer not to that which all reprobate as profane, but to the flood of gossiping papers with which the church is overwhelmed. That they are religious, but little mends the matter. Their subject is said to be religious; but still it is but *gossip*, and takes the place of that of higher character. Some efficient reform is called for in this department of life. A *second* evil is found in the sanctuary. The *continuous exposition* of the word of God is nearly banished from our pulpits; and, except in the pulpit, as a fruit of this, it is rare to find a Bible in the churches of the land. The continuous exposition of scripture, showing the import, the terms, the connexion of the passage, the meaning of the Spirit in the whole, and the practical bearing of the subject on Christian character, is one of the best means to make intelligent and experienced Bible believers. Alas! where is this mean enjoyed? When we add to this the absence of scripture from the little fancy sketch, not unfrequently passed off as a sermon, the evil is seen in progress. A text may be read, but it is a mere motto; as in the Spectator of Addison, or the Idler of Johnson, we find a quotation from *Horace* or *Juvenal*, but no farther referred to; and, in some quarters, it is a serious ground of complaint, that there is, in the discussions of the pulpit, so little reference to scripture, and often the distinctive characteristics and work of Christ in them will have no place. The Sabbath school and the Bible class furnish for these defects, a very inadequate substitute. A *third* evil of the same sort is found in not a few of our popular religious books. The discussion is too seldom illustrated and confirmed by the adducing of appropriate scripture. A frequent and abundant repetition of some very flimsy poetry, supplies the place that ought to be occupied by the express dictates of the oracles of God. And reference may be made to a *fourth* evil, which we may consider partly as an effect, and partly as a cause, in the form of reaction. This appears in the very frequent representations of death-bed scenes. We are not unapprized of the delicacy due to the subject of personal religion, and of the tenderness with which we should speak of what occurs at the bed of the dying. It will, however, be recollected, that we are not now referring to the *reality*, but to the *degree* of true religion. The evidence of this high degree, we desire to have in another shape than is found in many of our *obituarics*. Alas! in these representations of a living faith, and lively hope, how seldom do we find a reference to any distinctly expressed promise of God, or *inspired* delineation of the exercises of a saved sinner. The *sentimentality* of some silly, while popular hymn, it seems, must, on the solemn occasion, supply the place of God's own

word. How often do we hear as repeated, and again repeated, as the last, or among the last words of the departing immortal, the fanciful lines—

“Jesus can make a dying bed,
Feel soft as downy pillows are.”

But how seldom the language of inspiration, with its depth of thought, and sanctifying unction! Such as, “I know that my Redeemer liveth.” “Whom have I in the heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.” “My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.” “I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.” “He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure: this is all my salvation, and all my desire.” “I know whom I have believed; and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day.” Why is it, that in obituaries we find so much from the little hymn book, and so little from the Bible, as sustaining faith and hope, and giving to these graces expression in a dying hour? It is in no spirit of captiousness, nor in that which would dare to pass on the state of any before God, that we ask, Is it because that such solemn and appropriate portions of God’s word are either forgotten or unknown? We are unwilling to suppose that such would be disrelished. But whatever may be the cause, the fact is unhappy, and the influence is not good. It tends to lead away from the Bible, when the Bible is most needed, and to raise an imperfect, if not a false standard of piety. A fifth evil, and one which we suspect to have led the way to some of those mentioned, is the very extensive banishment of the songs of inspiration from their appropriate place, in the *psalmody* of the church. The song of inspiration is, in *Zion’s psalmody*, far and wide, a stranger to the hearts, the minds, and lips of her children. A mangled and unsightly *imitation* of it supplies the place of the book of Psalms—a book dictated by the Spirit of Christ. Hear how a respectable writer, one, we suppose, not to be suspected of prejudice in the matter, speaks on this subject, “Dr. Watts,” says Dr. Junkin, “has attempted, professedly, to *improve* upon the sentiment, the very matter, and the order, by various omissions and additions, to fit the Psalms for Christian worship. This is unfair. If Pope had taken the same license with the poems of Homer, all the amateurs of Greek poetry in the world would have cried, *Shame*. But it is a pious and zealous Christian divine who has taken this liberty with the songs of Zion, and almost the whole Church has acquiesced in it. What would we think of the French poet, who, proposing to enrich French literature with a versification of the master-piece of the English muse, should mangle and transpose the torn limbs of the *Paradise lost*, until Milton himself might meet his first-born on the high way and not recognise it? And must this literary butchery be tolerated, because, forsooth, the victim is the inspired Psalmist? Why should the heaven-taught bard be misrepresented thus? Let us rather have the songs of inspiration as God inspired them, and as nearly as is possible, and consistent with the laws of English versification. God’s order of thought is doubtless best for his church. If any one think he can write better spiritual songs than the sweet singer of Israel, let him do it; but let him not dress the savoury meat which God hath prepared, until all its substance

and savour are gone, and then present it to us as an imitation of David's Psalms." Junkin on Prophecy, pp. 331, 332.

Among many other influences of evil bearing, this mangling, this worse than "literary butchery" of the inspired Psalmist, in its extended connexion, sends forth a blighting influence on the spiritualities of true religion. *A drought is upon her waters.* Counteracting influences for good are in operation, and will produce their effects. The Bible must be read and studied, its principles *understood* and *believed*, and be carried into actual life, not in scraps, but in the fulness of its import. Then a *whole* Christ will dwell in the heart of the Church, and instead of the superficialities, and too often what is mistaken for spirituality, the light sentimentalities not unfrequently connected with the excitements of religion, we shall have a deep, divine life, imbuing the whole, and going out in action becoming the elect of God—the expectants of heaven. As a mean, and principal mean, of these high spiritual attainments, let the church have an able, faithful, and fearless ministry, which shall be at home when among the oracles of God, and let God's people intelligently, affectionately, and efficiently sustain such a ministry. Then will the advancement of our age be no longer a matter of doubt. *"Arise, shine; for thy light is come."*

CLEMENT.

Foreign Missions.

NOTES OF A VOYAGE TO INDIA.

The following very interesting communication from Mr. Woodside, will furnish to our readers an account of the voyage of the late re-enforcement. It will tend, we hope, to increase their interest in the mission families, and the cause to which they are devoted. Let them be remembered in our prayers, and let them not be overlooked in the disposal of our contributions to the cause of Christ.

Indian Ocean, Lat. 0° 39' north, Lon. 93° 45' east. November 8th, 1848.

Rev. and Dear Sir,

We have once more breathed the air of our native hemisphere. We have re-crossed the equator, and arrived at that point in our voyage, where we had determined to commence writing our overland letters. It will be necessary to have all these finished previously to our landing in Calcutta, as our stay there will be limited to a few days, or the shortest possible period in which our preparations for the inland journey can be made, leaving no longer time for correspondence whilst there than the mere acknowledgment, before closing, of those letters which, we trust, will be awaiting our arrival, and the immediate despatch of these. You may, perhaps, be expecting that some of us will furnish you with a "journal" of our voyage. This, I think, you need not expect, as none of us have written one sufficiently extensive and minute to be interesting; and, so far as I am concerned, I am sure that is a task for which I am altogether incompetent. I have thought, moreover, that any thing in the form of a journal is unnecessary, as it must consist of a lengthened detail of monotonous reiterations, equally tiresome and uninteresting. For the sake of private reference, I have kept a brief diary, guided by which, I shall endeavour, in the course of this letter, to furnish you with a short outline of "matters and things in general" that have passed under our observation since we left you.

I begin by a reference to the closing scenes of our residence in Philadelphia. That was a period very eventful to us. It was the dissolution of long and fondly cherished associations. It was the knell of our separation from the endearments of private friendship, and the superabounding enjoyments of enlightened Christian society. On the part of some of us, it was an entrance upon new scenes of action, for which, in all sincerity, we feel but ill qualified. Yet we humbly trust it was a feeble response to the call of duty, approved of God, and likely to be beneficial, through his blessing, to ourselves and others. However painful to the natural feelings it may have been, to leave our friends and country, we have never yet regretted it, and, I trust, we never shall. Apart from the higher aspects of the subject, were it but the tokens of Christian sympathy so liberally conferred upon us, and the warm interest manifested for our personal welfare, by our numerous friends in your city, we have more than enough to reconcile us to any condition in life; but I trust we have a higher source of comfort in that sweet promise, "I am with you." Through you, I would here return our most sincere thanks to the numerous friends to whose kindness we are so deeply indebted, and to whom it is impossible for me to write personally. Would that our gratitude were proportionate to their liberality! I should like to refer at large to those delightful meetings, public and private, which we were privileged to attend on the eve of our departure; but brevity requires that these be in a manner passed over. They were to me hallowed seasons upon which I must ever look back with pious feelings, and the contemplation of which cannot fail to excite to active diligence in carrying out the great object which was there the theme of our deliberations, songs, and prayers. As they drew to a close, I could scarcely suppress a feeling of melancholy, an involuntary sense of loneliness, to think that the bond of Christian intercourse was being gradually dis severed, and that soon I must contend single-handed with the corrupting influences of an evil world. How strongly I felt on the night before our departure, I need not attempt to describe. We had left a numerous circle of friends,—we surrounded the bed-side of the venerable "father of the church" to receive his parting benediction; I hung upon his accents while he commended us to "God and the word of his grace." How often, previously to this, had I with greedy ear listened to his instructions; but never before did they appear so impressive. In all human probability, it was the last time I should ever behold his venerable countenance, or listen to his parental voice. Since first I knew him, he had been to me more than a friend,—a father. I was accustomed to look upon him as my natural protector, and to part with him was like severing the cord of life. I longed to express to him my gratitude for past kindness, and as I quitted his chamber, lingered long upon its threshold for that purpose, but it was impossible. I could not speak. I was obliged to desist, and hastily withdrew. It was then I felt as if the last tie that bound me to the pleasures of Christian lands had been loosed, and my only desire was to quit your shores for the territories of the heathen. But the morning of the succeeding day introduced a fresh scene of unwonted interest, which I am sorry you were not permitted to witness. At the early hour of five o'clock, A. M., on the deck of the steamer "Sun" there had collected a large assemblage of friends, from every extremity of the city, to break again the bread of friendship, to con-

voy us on our way, and implore a blessing on our enterprise. The exercises on board, were of a character which, to be appreciated, must have been enjoyed. By the excellent arrangements of the superintendent and committee of the S. S. Association, every thing was so fitly disposed as to suit in the best manner the end for which we had met. How sweetly did our songs of praise rise upon the stillness of the morning! How fervent the accents of prayer, as they poured from Christian hearts on our behalf! How soothing the words of consolation, tendered by the voice of affection, to our saddening spirits! How affecting the melting tenderness of sorrowing friends, as we ascended into the cars in the street of Burlington! Of this latter scene, you were fortunately an eye-witness. These were occurrences alike gratifying and instructive. They show conclusively that genuine Christian conduct is ever the same, that the true spirit of missions is just now as it was in the apostolic age. Our friends in Philadelphia were not outdone by the friends of Paul at Miletus. Acts xx. 36, 37, 38. These events have made a lasting, and, I trust, a salutary impression upon my mind. They have hallowed in my recollection the memory of our missionary farewell.

The following Sabbath, we spent very pleasantly in New York. Mr. Campbell preached in the forenoon in Mr. Patterson's, Brooklyn, and I in Dr. McLeod's. At the close of the afternoon service in Dr. McLeod's by Mr. C., we had a farewell meeting of the congregation, when Dr. McLeod, in his usual lucid and forcible manner, made some beautiful allusions to Mr. Campbell's former departure—exhibited the true theory of missions—and commended us, and the cause which we represent, by the strongest expressions of brotherly affection to the sympathies of his people. On the evening of the day, we were privileged to address a very large assembly in Dr. McElroy's church, called by the committee of the Presbyterian Board to express to us the kind wishes of the sister church, with whom we are so intimately connected in extending the cause of Christ. The meeting was briefly addressed by the Hon. Walter Lowrie, and subsequently by Mr. Rankin, who had lately returned from the Indian mission. It was delightful to behold so many of the friends of the Redeemer gathered together to do honour to his cause. "Them that honour me, I will honour." 1 Sam. ii. 30.

The following day you again became the unexpected, though not unwelcome witness of another most interesting scene, another social circle of kind friends supplicating the divine blessing upon our mission, previously to taking us by the hand and pronouncing a final adieu. Although a comparative stranger in New York, I was not treated as such. Every where I met with the utmost kindness, for which I must ever feel grateful. Their proverbial generosity was fully exemplified, and their Christian zeal amply manifested. I felt sorry that my intercourse with such a people had not been of longer standing. In their conduct I could at once recognise the features of "brethren, dearly beloved in the Lord." Of our trip to Boston, and subsequent proceeding up to the time of sailing, I need not write. You were with us, and are, of course, acquainted with all that transpired. I must, however, embrace this opportunity of apologizing to you and the other kind friends, who, at so great a sacrifice of time and expense, determined to be with us to the last, for the unceremonious manner in which we were compelled

to act towards you while in Boston. The shortness of our time, and the multiplicity of little matters to which we had necessarily to attend, precluded all possibility of devoting to the society of our friends as much of our time as we would gladly have done. I have also to express our warmest thanks for the kind assistance rendered us by yourself, and the others who accompanied you. Our gratitude is due to the Rev. Mr. Blaikie of the Associate Reformed Church in Boston, for his unceasing kindness both before our arrival and during our stay there. By his attention we were materially assisted, in getting through our preparations in proper time. My personal acknowledgments are due to Mr. Jos. A. Rippard, of New York, who kindly gave to me a neat little medicine chest, and a considerable supply of medicines, which I meant to acknowledge through you as a donation to our mission. You know the joy we experienced on the morning of our sailing, by the sudden appearance in our midst of our indefatigable friends, Messrs. Stuart and Dunn, who, at no ordinary sacrifice of private comfort, and, I doubt not, detriment to their mercantile pursuits, had come to "accompany us to the ship." Amidst all our bustle, however, there were not wanting at intervals sweet seasons of brotherly intercourse in the social circle, and at a throne of grace. Our concluding exercises at the "Merchant's Exchange Hotel," (where we were joined by another estimable friend, Rev. John C. Lowrie,) and again, in the cabin of the "Dolphin," were to me deeply affecting. As was frequently expressed on those occasions, I felt that "God was there." The blessings there implored, we have since richly enjoyed. But even our dearest friends must leave us. The bell rings out the tocsin of your return,—the locks of hair are quickly exchanged and endorsed,—a parting embrace, and you are gone. We are alone, and standing out to sea. Boston harbour, and its beautiful "bay of islands," have been the theatre of many exciting scenes. Like the waters of the gulf of Venice, these waters were early "married" to the cause of *liberty* and *unfettered commerce*; and their nuptials celebrated by the "Indian tea-party." In these, too, the missionary enterprise was early baptized. By the sailing of Judson and his coadjutors, Boston was made the Seleucia of American missions to the Gentile east. How frequently, since that time, have those island shores re-echoed the solemn ceremonies of missionary departure, and witnessed the waving signals of separating friends, as the gospel ship unfurls her canvass, and gives her confiding bosom to the fickle waters. Long and earnestly did we look upon the last shadows of your presence, till you were lost in the distance. We had little relish for the beautiful scenery around; we soon retired to our pretty little cabin; and even the lofty spires and granite columns of Bunker's Hill were quickly hidden to our view. For the first few days we felt excessively fatigued. Our strength was exhausted by over-exertion, and the reaction produced by the leisure which we now enjoyed, rendered us unfit for any active exercise. A week of repose, however, revived us, and being favoured with delightful weather, we were all speedily enabled to enter upon the round of duties at which we have, for the most part, been since employed.

[To be continued.]

RECENT INTELLIGENCE.

CHOCTAW MISSION: *Spencer Academy*.—The number of pupils on the 1st of January, was ninety-six, of whom twenty-four were scholars that have been received during the present term. One of the embarrassments of this institution is the short period which many of the scholars spend in it. The places of those who leave the school are supplied by others; but the result is, that a large proportion of the pupils are in the primary classes. The younger scholars are now under the charge of Miss Dutcher, of whose appointment as a teacher, some months ago, the notice was inadvertently omitted in the *Chronicle*; and their improvement, under her excellent instruction, has been very gratifying. In the general state of the Institute, we do not observe any change of material interest reported in our letters, which are of various dates to the 5th of February.

IOWA MISSION.—A letter from the Rev. Messrs. Hamilton and Irvin, of January 15th, reviews the year then lately ended, and mentions, as reasons for gratitude to God, 1st, the uninterrupted health of the mission families, and the children in the school; 2d, the more pacific feelings of the Indians towards the mission, evinced among other ways, in their not injuring its stock and property, as in former years; 3d, the improvement of the scholars, 35 being in regular attendance; 4th, the decrease of drunkenness among the Indians towards the end of the year, and their better prospect of good order, under No-heart, a warm friend of the mission, now promoted to be the principal chief. They also speak with much thankfulness of the kind and efficient influence of the government agent, Col. A. J. Vaughan, who has proved himself an able and warm friend of the Indians. A copy of the Iowa grammar, prepared and printed by the missionaries, was finished during the year; and an elementary book was in press. As to the attendance of the Iowas on the preaching of the gospel, the brethren greatly regret to have nothing of special encouragement to report.

INDIA: FURRUKHABAD MISSION.—A letter has been received from the Rev. J. J. Walsh, of Mynpoor, dated December 20th,—the only letter from the Asiatic missions that has been received of later date than the letters acknowledged in our last issue. Mr. Walsh mentions that considerable interest was felt at his station in the school, and liberal subscriptions would probably be made towards the erection of a new school building.

FRANCE.—Letters have been received from gentlemen connected with the Evangelical Society of France, of dates to the 22d of February. One of the ministers employed by the Society found the door open "to preach the pure gospel in more than twenty towns or villages, where the truth had never been preached since the time of the dreadful persecution of 1651." An urgent appeal is made for pecuniary assistance, the sum of 74,800 francs, or about 15,000 dollars, being required to meet the engagements of the Society, before the end of the year on the 15th of April. This sum, however, includes the debt due by the Society at the end of the preceding financial year, of 32,800 francs. One of the letters before us says, "Our position is indeed full of anguish. Never has been offered a better opportunity for evangelizing France—never were more appeals received from numerous populations—and never less money came into our exhausted treasury, in consequence of our national disturbances."—*Missionary Chronicle*.

THE JEWS—THEIR CIVIL CONDITION.—In Great Britain a bill was carried in the House of Commons, but lost in the House of Lords, last year, removing civil disabilities from the Jews, and conferring upon one of the Rothschilds a seat in the parliament to which he had been elected by a large London constituency. A similar bill is about to be brought forward again with every prospect of success.* In France the Jews are free in the most liberal sense. In Austria the enormous taxes that have so long oppressed them have been removed—the general distinctions between them and others in a great measure taken away—and a law is under consideration in the National Diet, at Vienna, allowing intermarriages among all religious sects, and (thus encouraging the general equality of the Jews,) making them merely civil contracts. In Rome they have been released from the Ghetto, and from all the civil disabilities of the Roman states, under which they have groaned so long. In Russia they are allowed free trade in all the large cities and throughout the country. In Turkey the government has issued an order placing the Jews under the protection of the British ambassador, and instructing the consuls throughout the empire to protect and encourage them. Even in Palestine they have a grant to rebuild the temple at Jerusalem.—*Chr. Inst.*

CHANGES IN THEIR SPIRITUAL PROSPECTS.—In this respect the changes have been recently sad. There have, indeed, been conversions in Germany, Hungary, and Prussia; and in Constantinople, Palestine, and some cases in this country there have been inquirers after the way of life—but the general aspect is dark. In Damascus, on account of the death of Mrs. Graham, and the sick-

* Since the above was in type, we learn that Lord John Russell has introduced it, and the House of Commons passed it by a vote of 214 to 111.

ness of Mrs. Robson, the Irish Jewish mission has been broken up, at least for the present. In Jassy, Pesth, and the various flourishing fields of Moldavia, Posen, &c., the recent revolutions have nearly scattered the people and destroyed the missions. In other countries of Europe where God is giving the people rest and opportunities to attend to the gospel, there is a widely spreading spirit of infidelity. In our own country, though missionaries have been employed in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Charleston, still but little fruit has appeared, and even that under unfavourable circumstances when thoroughly tried.

General Intelligence.

FRANCE.—The political state and prospects of France are becoming more and more settled, but the moral and religious condition is calculated to awaken the most painful apprehensions. . . . The Fourierists are attempting to demonstrate that they are the most faithful disciples of the Saviour. The Socialists are celebrating worship in order to manifest their faith, and the manner of it is worthy of them. Dinners are provided in the suburbs of Paris, and after having eaten and drunken, amidst plates and bottles they deliver speeches on religion, declaim upon politics, sing profane songs, recite odes, and fables, propose demagogical toasts, and then declare that they have celebrated a Christian festival! This awful profanation was especially manifested last Christmas. Three banquets were held. One of them was arranged by the *Socialist democratic females*, as they styled themselves. Children were admitted, and also men. The tribune was occupied by ladies. The first address delivered by one of these women, was entitled, *Sermon on the Mount*. Another lady proposed a toast to the Virgin Mary, St. Simon, Fourier, &c. "Women," said she, in her enthusiasm, "if we desire to transform society, let us take the divine Mary as a model. Let her name be blessed among women. Glory to St. Simon! Glory to Fourier! Glory to all peoples! May they be united among themselves! Joy to all the suffering exiles! To fraternity then—it will put God on our side." Another proposed the following toast:—"To the living Christ! to the French people!" And she sought to prove that there was a complete analogy between Jesus Christ and the French people! This is poor France. How can she prosper, or be blessed in such a state!—We are happy to observe that a law has been passed by which no one can be obliged to work on the Sabbath, and that the President requires all his household to attend church on that day.

ITALY.—Since the 3d of February things have steadily advanced towards the overthrow of the Pope's temporal power, and the establishment of the people's rights. On that day a distinguished priest addressed a vast assembly upon the incompatibility of the temporal and spiritual power being united in the pope. This speech was loudly cheered. On the 5th the assembly convened, and after being present at mass in the Church of St. Mary, the members proceeded to the palace of the Chancellory, and entered the ancient hall which had been prepared for them. Crowds attended and applauded. The Minister of the Interior concluded a brief address with the cry "Italy and the people for ever." On the 10th, the assembly, by an almost unanimous vote, decreed a republic. Of 144 votes, 136 voted for the formal ejection of the Pope, and only five refused to vote for the republic. At two o'clock of that day the banner of the Roman republic was flung to the breeze from the tower of the capitol, while its first waving was hailed by the roar of one hundred cannons. At the announcement of the fall of the pope's temporal power, and the rise of the republic, every hat was raised, and every where the people shouted, "The Roman republic for ever!" On the 11th, a grand *Te Deum* was chanted at St. Peter's in honour of the occasion. It was, however, conducted by an ecclesiastical chaplain, no regular priests being willing to officiate.

THE PAPAL STATES.—Austria has marched a body of troops upon Ferrara and seized upon the city, and levied a fine upon the citizens of 200,000 scudi, which she handed over to the Pope. Piedmont has resolved to intervene in Tuscany, to hinder civil war, and oppose the Austrian intervention. It seems probable that Naples, on the south, and Austria on the north side of the Pope, will overrun the Papal States, but still the question of constitutional government at Rome and Florence can scarcely be settled at the point of the bayonet. The relations of Sardinia and Austria add farther difficulties to the general confusion, which prevails from the foot of the Alps to the Mediterranean. From Turin all is in a distracted state, while Genoa seems ripe for some republican movement, and altogether the elements of disorder were scarcely ever more rife in Italy than at this moment. It is only the quiet attitude of France, and the peaceful efforts of England which prevent their combustible material from hursting into a flame. The Prince of Canino has been elected vice-president of the Republic of Rome. The Pope, after halting between abdication and soliciting foreign intervention, has now, it is said, made an application to Austria, and it is confidently stated that Spain is about to send a division of ten thousand men to aid in restoring his Holiness. The latest intelligence from Italy states that the Roman ministry had communicated to the Assembly that a joint intervention of Austria, Spain and Naples is announced. France had not decided what part to take.

The Bible in Italy. From a very interesting letter on this subject from the correspondent of the New York Evangelist we quote the following:

“In evidence of the progress of religious liberty in Italy, in advance of the law; we may cite the great and successful activity of the British and Foreign Bible Society. This Society is prepared to furnish every Italian with the Holy Scriptures upon terms suited to him individually; from cost price at highest, down to nothing in extreme cases. They have instructed their agents to dispose of Bibles and Testaments to booksellers at two-thirds of cost, upon condition of their advertising the books at the exact cost, and no more. The Society has put an immense supply of them into the country at different points, and stands ready to print the Bible at Rome or Florence the moment the press is free. The demand for the Scriptures increases faster and faster. Booksellers in nearly all the great cities from Genoa to Palermo take them readily. At one point we hear of a Jew purchasing eighty copies at the full cost price, upon speculation. He knew where he could sell them to advantage. At another point we learn of a provincial bookseller calling upon an agent and taking one hundred and twenty-five copies to meet a demand in his region. A few copies at a time are deposited at certain book-stalls in various cities, and it is found that they sell well. On one occasion some companies of soldiers, under marching orders, bought up a large quantity which had been put upon sale at a fair, and took them on towards Venice. Lombardy is now shut against our activity in this matter: but certain individuals who travelled through the country last spring and summer, disposed of many hundred copies along their route. The friends of the cause here make all due allowances for those inferior motives which just now aid in the circulation of the Bible; they allow for many copies thrown aside with indifference, and for many obtained and destroyed by the priests. But when all is told upon this side of the question, they are still encouraged to believe that there is an intellectual awakening in the country favourable to the examination of the Scriptures; and they are strong in the faith that full gospel measure, even the hundred fold, will yet be reaped in Italy for the seed they are sowing.”

IRISH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AND THE REGIUM DONUM.

In a late number of the Belfast “Northern Whig,” we find a report of a very interesting discussion in the Belfast Presbytery of the Irish Presbyterian Church, in regard to the Regium Donum. We regret that our limits do not permit us at present to do more than publish the following abstract, as found in the editorial columns of the paper mentioned:—

The old and respectable Congregation of Rosemary Street, Belfast, in connexion with the General Assembly, found itself without a Minister, on the appointment of its Pastor, the Rev. Mr. Gibson, to the chair of Ethics for the Students of the Assembly. The members of the Congregation, after having disagreed about one or two Clergymen who had appeared before them, at last concurred in anxiously desiring the ser-

vices of the Rev. Mr. Macnaughten, of Paisley, a Minister of the Free Church of Scotland. That gentleman, though a friend to Establishments, is nevertheless unwilling, owing, we believe, to the circumstances in which he has stood as a member of the Free Church, to receive government endowment, or *Regium Donum*; and the Rosemary Street people have no desire to force him to take such endowment, and pray to have him appointed their Pastor. But, the Belfast Presbytery, by a vote of seventeen to nine, declare, that Mr. Macnaughten *must* pocket the money, or he shall *not* be Minister of the Rosemary Street Congregation.

The Rev. Dr. Cooke, who justly takes credit to himself for the boldness with which he has gone to work, in this instance, says, he knows of no man, in England or Scotland, whom he would more gladly have in Belfast as a fellow-labourer, than Mr. Macnaughten. "Then why," said the Doctor, "did he (Dr. Cooke) not wish him to come here? He would tell them:—Mr. Macnaughten had got a crotchet in his head, and he (Dr. Cooke) did not like crotchets." It may be all very well for the Doctor not to like crotchets; but it is rather too much that, *therefore*, the members of the Rosemary Street Congregation must be debarred the exercise of their right of choice in reference to their Minister. The Doctor's crotchet (for he has a very convenient one, at this time) is very unreasonable; and it becomes tyrannical in its operation, when it is thus backed by a majority in the Presbytery.

The Doctor boasts, that, being "a plain, blunt man, not shackled himself, he can speak the more freely on the subject of government endowments." We cannot tell, indeed, how much it would take to shackle the Doctor; but this we know, that he has more government golden fetters on his interesting person, than any other Minister in the Assembly, and more than any seven of the great body of them. He gets £320 for distributing the *Regium Donum*, and £250 as the government endowment of his Presbyterian Chair; but, of course, he, good man, has no personal interest in the question—he is particularly free from all considerations connected with the "government endowments." We have often had occasion to marvel at his coolness of assertion, and his boldness of pretence; but we do not recollect any instance in which he has acquitted himself with a courage equal to what he has here displayed.

We have given a list of the division, from which it will be seen, that a respectable minority of nine, headed by Dr. Edgar, supported the just and reasonable prayer of the Congregation. Some members of the Presbytery, including Dr. Morgan, were absent; and we trust that they, as well as some of the majority, will, upon due reflection, make up their minds to maintain Presbyterian rights, when the question will be submitted to them in a higher ecclesiastical court. It is said, that the leaders in the Assembly are applying to the government to get the *Regium Donum* placed upon the Consolidated Fund; and if so, it is a bad way of advancing that purpose, to show how such an endowment can be used coercively against the liberties of the laity. For ourselves, if we merely had regard to the voluntary cause, we would rejoice at the present proceeding, feeling as we do, with Mr. Gibson, that its tendency is decidedly favourable to voluntarism.

Obituary.

DIED, in Milton, Northumberland co., Pa., on the 10th of February last, MRS. NANCY TEAS. While it is true that the pious who have left us have, in their good name, a perpetual memorial, it seems right to call attention to the departure of the believer. Every instance of one of our fellows passing into the future, whether with that feeling of triumph or that calm confidence which Christianity inspires, is a precious legacy to the church, and is a fresh proof that there is divinity in that system to which our hope is clinging. There are many of the heirs of glory who pursue an unobtrusive pathway to heaven. Of a retiring disposition, and not pushed by circumstances to the prominence which others enjoy, we hear comparatively little of them. Thus it was with the aged one whose death we record. The name Teas, is familiar to many in our church. Though the writer had not the privilege of acquaintance with the husband of her who has gone, and who, for many years was an elder of the congregation in Milton, many of our ministers appreciated him, and found in him a faithful friend, a valued counsellor, and a ripe believer. Some ten years since, he passed away, truly in triumph, to his reward. Both husband and wife were ardently and intelligently attached to the principles of the Reformed Presbyterian Church; and of the congregation to which they belonged, they were indeed ornaments. It is, we believe, no vain panegyric to state that religion had thrown its peculiar and mellowed light around the character of Mrs. Teas—that the great principles of our holy faith were inwrought with her moral being. Hence, a godly consistency marked her entire walk, and one more example worthy of imitation is furnished to survivors. Her end was peace. There was at times an expressed anxiety to depart, yet always an acquiescence in the Lord's will. The confidence of faith was indulged, and so far as man can know, she has gained unspeakably by the change of worlds. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." A.